

Troilus and Cressida.

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to mortow:

Patroclus, let vs Feast him to the hight.

Pat. Heere comes *Thersites*. Enter *Thersites*.

Achil. How now, thou core of Envy?

Thou crusty batch of Nature, what's the newes?

Ther. Why thou picture of what thou seem'st, & I doll of Ideot-worshippers, here's a Letter for thee.

Achil. From whence, Fragment?

Ther. Why thou full dish of Foole, from Troy.

Pat. Who keeps the Tent now?

Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound,

Pat. Well said aduetsie, and what need these tricks?

Ther. Prythee be silent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.

Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?

Ther. Why his masculine Whore. Now the rotten diseases of the South, guts-gripping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades grauell i'th' backe, Lethargies, cold Palsies, and the like, take and take againe, such preposstrous discoueries.

Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patro. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorson indistinguishable Curse.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd filke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a fore eye, thou tassell of a Prodigals purse thou: Ah how the poore world is pestred with such water-flies, diminutives of Nature.

Pat. Our gall.

Ther. Finch Egge.

Ach. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to morrowes battell:

Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,

A token from her daughter, my faire Love,

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe

An Oath that I haue sworne. I will not breake it,

Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or stay,

My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obey:

Come, come *Thersites*, helpe to trim my Tent,

This night in banquetting must all be spent.

Away *Patroclus*. Exit.

Ther. With too much blood, and too little Brain, these

two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too

little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's

Agamemnon, an honest fellow enough, and one that loues

Quailes, but he has not so much Braine as eare-wax; and

the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother,

the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of

Cuckolds, arthrifty shooin-horne in a cksaine, hanging

at his Brothers legge, to what forme but that he is, (hold

wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne

him too: to an Ass were nothing; hee is both Ass and

Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Ass:

to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Li-

zard, an Owle, a Purtocke, or a Herring without a Roe,

I would not care: but to be *Menelam*, I would conspire

against Destiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were

not *Thersites*: for I care not to bee the lowse of a Lazar,

so I were not *Menelam*. Hoy-day, spirits and fires,

Enter *Hector*, *Ajax*, *Agamemnon*, *Ulysses*, *Nes-*

tor, *Diomed*, with Lights.

Ag. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter *Achilles*.

Ulys. Heere comes himselfe to guide you?

Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.

Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greekes general.

Men. Goodnight my Lord.

Hect. Goodnight sweet Lord *Menelam*.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet quoth-a? sweet sinke,

sweet sure.

Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to those

that go, or tarry.

Ag. Goodnight.

Achil. Old *Nestor* carries, and you too *Diomed*,

keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.

Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important businesse,

The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.

Hect. Giue me your hand.

Ulys. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent,

Ile keepe you company.

Troy. Sweet sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent.

Ther. That same *Diomed*'s a false-hearted Rogue, a

most vniust Knaue; I will no more trust him when hee

leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hisses: he will spend

his mouth & promise, like Brabler the Hound; but when

he performs, Astronomers foretell it, that it is prodigi-

ous, there will come some change: the Sunne borrowes

of the Moone when *Diomed* keeps his word. I will ra-

ther leaue to see *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they say,

he keepe a Trojan Drab, and vses the Traitor *Chalcas*

his Tent. Ile after—Nothing but Letherie? All

incontinent Varlets. Exit.

Enter *Diomed*.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? speake?

Chal. Who calls?

Dio. *Diomed*, *Chalcas* (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?

Chal. She comes to you.

Enter *Troilus* and *Ulysses*.

Ulys. Stand where the Torch may not discouer vs.

Enter *Cressida*.

Troy. *Cressida* comes forth to him.

Dio. How now my charge?

Cres. Now my sweet gardian: harke a word with you.

Troy. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her

life: she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cal. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be cou-

pled with your words.

Troy. What should she remember?

Ulys. List?

Cres. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery.

Dio. Nay then.

Cres. Ile tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forsworne.

Cres. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?

Ther. A iugling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you sweare you would bestow on me?

Cres. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,

Bid me doe not any thing but that sweete Greeke.

Dio. Good

Troilus and Cressida.

Dio. Good night.

Troy. Hold, patience.

Ulys. How now Trojan?

Cres. *Diomed*.

Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your foole no more.

Troy. Thy better must.

Cres. Harke one word in your eare.

Troy. O plague and madnesse!

Ulys. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,

Left your displeasure should enlarge it selfe

To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;

The time right deadly: I beseech you goe.

Troy. Behold, I pray you.

Ulys. Nay, good my Lord goe off:

You flow to great distraction: come my Lord?

Troy. I pray thee stay?

Ulys. You haue not patience, come.

Troy. I pray you stay? by hell and hell torments,

I will not speake a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!

Ulys. Why, how now Lord?

Troy. By Ioue I will be patient.

Cres. Gardian? why Greeke?

Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.

Cres. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.

Ulys. You shake my Lord at something; will you goe?

you will breake out.

Troy. She strokes his cheek.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troy. Nay stay, by Ioue I will not speake a word.

There is betweene my will, and all offences,

A guard of patience; stay a little while.

Ther. How the duell Luxury with his fat rumpe and

potato finger, tickles these together: frye lechery, frye.

Dio. But will you then?

Cres. In faith I will lo; neuer trust me else.

Dio. Giue me some token for the surety of it.

Cres. Ile fetch you one.

Ulys. You haue sworne patience.

Troy. Feare me not sweete Lord.

I will not be my selfe, nor haue cognition

Of what I feele: I am all patience.

Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.

Cres. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.

Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?

Ulys. My Lord.

Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cres. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:

Helou'd me: O false wench: giue't me againe.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cres. It is no matter now I haue't againe.

I will not meete with you to morrow night:

I prythee *Diomed* visite me no more.

Ther. Now shee sharpens: well said Whetstone.

Dio. I shall haue it.

Cres. What, this?

Dio. I that.

Cres. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;

Thy Maister now lies thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighes, and takes my Gloue,

And giues memorie daintie kisses to it;

As I kisse thee.

Dio. Nay, doe not snatch it from me.

Cres. He that takes that, rakes my heart withall.

Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.

Troy. I did sweare patience.

Cres. You shall not haue it *Diomed*; faith you shall not:

Ile giue you something else.

Dio. I will haue this: whose was it?

Cres. It is no matter.

Dio. Come tell me whose it was?

Cres. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.

But now you haue it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:

And by her selfe, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,

And grieue his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'st it on thy horne,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not:

I will not keepe my word.

Dio. Why then farewell,

Thou neuer shalt mocke *Diomed* againe.

Cres. You shall not goe: one cannot speake a word,

But it strait starts you.

Dio. I doe not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I by *Pluto*; but that that likes not me, pleas-

es me best.

Dio. What shall I come? the haure.

Cres. I, come: O Ioue! doe, come: I shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I prythee come:

Troilus farewell; one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart, the other eye, doth see:

Ah poore our sexe; this fault in vs I finde:

The error of our eye, directs our minde.

What error leads, must erre: O then conclude,

Mindes swai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. Exit.

Ther. A prooue of strength she could not publish more;

Vnlesse she say, my minde is now turn'd whore.

Ulys. Al's done my Lord.

Troy. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troy. To make a recordation to my soule

Of every syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did coact;

Shall I not lye, in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth inuert that test of eyes and eares;

As if those organs had deceptio us functions,

Created onely to calumniate.

Was *Cressida* here?

Ulys. I cannot coniure Trojan.